Joe Halliday's Courtship.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLEN.

dinner pail in his hand, leaned against

Joe Halliday, just in with the night freight, surrendered to temptation. He dropped his overalls and dinner pall, face to him, pressed his lips to the pled twin rose leaves.

contact on the state of the sta

Denver, Colorado, News: A to pleces and burning coal tomake up an strapping, square-shouldered brown-strapping, square-shouldered brown-the sake of peace—had always run just as Dave told him to. But Jee was amthe sake of peace—had always run just as Dave told him to. But Joe was imbitious; old fogy notions had no charms for him. He began making changes at once. He keyed her up all round, took up lost motion all over her, started up the feed on the oil cupa, crawled into the front end and did things to the diaphragm and nozzie, and swedged open the meshes of the spark neiting the feed. of coal dust in his lashes, rolled-up of coal dust in his lashes, rolled-up overalls under his arm and a railroad overalls under his arm and a railroad once. He keyed her up all round, took a gate. On the other side a blue-eyed up lost motion all over her, started up girl with sunny hair and apple-red the feed on the oil cups, crawled into open the meshes of the spark netting to let her breathe. He got the valves reached across, and drawing the smiling reset, by promising to stand between the roundhouse foreman and cranky Dave. He familiarized himself with With innocent fearlessness the blue eyes looked into the brown ones, while

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ened the dark, midsummer green of trees and grass until they sparkled gaily in the bright sunshine. Even crabbed old Dave felt the soothing influence of the perfect day as he tore along counting the mile posts and noting time. He congratulated himself on the squareness with which she chopped it off, and the lively manner in which she picked up her heels, until he remembered that the kid had had the valves reset; then he resumed the mental stunt known to engineers at figger in ahead."

The places he could make up fractions of a minute, in others he would be thankful to hold his own. He must have enough water in her so he could abut off his injector and lace the life out of her going into Newtown. If old Fiannign should hold the semaphore on him to-day he would feel like murdering the life sparse in the control of the state of the cold man's face, and he said:

"Danged if I don't believe you're the best feller on the whole road, after all." which was the biggest concession he had ever been known to make.

He got a signal to go, and as Joe jumped off he called after him. "Come 'would to the house this evenin."

When the minister congratulated man replied with such a smile as no one remembered ever to have seen on his face before:

"Yes, pa'son, he's a fine young feller. I was a pigheaded of fool, but I got a little some knocked into me at last; pooty near killed me, though."

And Joe tells Annie that her father is all right "if you only understand him."

ery minute as he saw that he was "gittin" 'em there."

The approach to Newtown was "pokey." There was a mile and a half of stiff grade right up to the station—that was where he would need to have them going. Half-way up this grade the road was spanned by an overhead railroad bridge of solid masonry. Fifty yards this side of the bridge there was a freight yard switch, the track branching off on Dave's side. The yard was concealed from approaching trains by an immense coal shed, which at that time of day, threw a dense black shadow on the switch. When the switch was open, its round, red target blazed a warning to approaching engineers.

With innocent fearlessness the blue eyes looked into the brown ones, while their owner drank the pleasant greeting of her lover. Suddenly her gaze was deflected over his shoulder, the happy look was displaced by one of terror, and with the dry: "Oh, here comes papa," she fied toward the house. Old Dave Spellman had forgotten his pipe, for once-a brierwood, burned to the water's edge, and strong enough to lack after it. He caught a glimpse of a blue glingham skirt as it whipped around the rose bush, and then his surly gaze fell upon Joe.

Here was another one of 'em.

Joe was conscious of a guilty blush, but the greeted Annie's father with a diplomatic, "Good morning, Dave!"

"What are you hangin' round here for?" growled Dave. "Git along about yer business; I don't want ye here! Come, clear out!" he shouted, as Joe drew himself up with fushed cheek and eyes snapping, and declined to move.

"Who do you think you are talking to "anter with a cyes snapping, and declined to move." "Who do you think you are talking to" saked Joe, angrily, his diplomacy scattered to the four winds by old Dave's onslaught.

"The talkin' to you. I won't have ye runnin' after my gal. These is my premises; git out!"

"This is the public highway; an' I'll.

"The list is the public highway; an' I'll.

"This is the public highway; an'

on the day shift at the switch for years. He rigorously enforced the rule, everything must be clear and the switch closed ten minutes before a first-class train was due. Strong in his integrity he showed but scant courtesy, even to the readmaster: so he was respected for his fidelity to duty as heartlly as he was detested for his arrogance.

While disconnecting to put in a new set of head blocks, the section gang broke the bolt connecting the semaphore locking bar to its crank; hence, for a night and a part of two days, the vital connection between semaphore

The International Sunday School Lesson Daniel VI:10-23,

Daniel in the Den of Lions. Religion qualifies rather than unfits for affirs of state. The Ethiopian after his conversion was the better pre-pared to assume his charge of all Candace's treasure. So there was nothing incompatible between Daniel's plety and his discharge of the duties of the mightiest nation on earth for half a century. • • • But his religion did not shelter him from the shafts of envy. His uprightness was a constant rebuke to his fellow-officials. Their pecula-tions were likely to be unearthed any time by this incorruptible and fearless Hebrew. And when the king took steps looking towards a civil service reform (that the king should have no damage, verse 2), and mediated making Daniel chief of the bureau, self-preser vation as well as jenlousy suggested a conspiracy against his life. * * * The plot was well suited to the king's

vanity and weakness. Obedience to the decree suggested, it would be a con spicuous recognition of the fact that he not only reigned by divine right, but that he himself was divine, a figment of antiquity, which survived to our day in the divine nature accorded, until lately, to the Mikado. * * Not

when Daniel knew (verse 10) but thought he knew, in spite of his knowledge of the decree, he continued his habit. Not in the spirit of bravadonot because he was reckless and head-



Statement of a Neighbor is to be

Statement of a Neighbor is to be Belleved.

Nothing So Convincing as What Persons Whom We Know and Respect, Say.

There is nothing so convincing as the statements of people whom we know and respect. If your neighbor tells you something, you know it is true; no neighbor will deceive another. So that is the way with Kid-ne-olds. The statements of people living right here in Wheeling are published so that you may ask these people and find out the great good Morrow's Kid-ne-olds are idoing.

Mr. F. F. Smart, No. 1004 Thirteenth street. Parkersburg, a retired farmer, says: "I have been a sufferer from kidney disease for years. The secretions of the kidneys were very frequent and excessive, and contained a whitish sediment. I suffered constantly with pain across my back and with rheumatism in my limbs; the doctors said my trouble was diabetes. I was never able to get anything that would cure me and I tried a number of different remedies. Theard about Morrow's Kid-ne-olds being a sure cure for backach, and I delight to the sunshine. The hard was severe, nay, rigid; it was a masculine hat. "Is the peril so great?" she asked. She spoke so softly that I pushed my clarify that would cure me and I tried a number of different remedies. These of about Morrow's Kid-ne-olds being a sure cure for backach, and I delighted the sunshine outside. "May I fear," I murmured, looking at the radently. "Imprudent."

"Because." I went on boldly. "in the joy of a moment, a minute, an hour, I lose my future peace."

She beat another solo upon the floor, and again looked into the sunshine. The hat was severe, nay, rigid; it was a masculine hat.

"Is the peril so great?" she asked. She spoke so softly that I pushed my convex in the province of the province of the window from the window frame, and smiled. I should have been perfectly happy if her gazed did not so often the window frame, and smiled. I should have been perfectly happy if her gazed did not so often the window frame, and smiled. I should have been perfectly happy if her gazed it n Mr. F. F. Smart, No. 1004 Thirteenth street, Parkersburg, a retired farmer, says: "I have been a sufferer from kidney disease for years. The secretions of the kidneys were very frequent and excessive, and contained a whitish sediment. I suffered constantly with pain across my back and with rheumatism in my limbs; the doctors said my trouble was diabetes. I was never able to get anything that would cure me and I tried a number of different remedies. I heard about Morrow's Kid-ne-oids being a sure cure for backach, and I decided to try them: in about a week after I began using Kid-ne-oids my backache was entirely gone and my urine was restored to its normal condition, and the rheumatism greatly relieved. I cannot say too much in praise of Morrow's Kid-ne-oids, what they have done for me is truly wonderful."

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Descriptive booklet mailed upon request by John Morrow & Co., Chemists, Springfield, Ohlo.

TO WHAT BASE USES.

Beyond Dieppe is a fair country skirting a blue sea, and the popples grow red and tall in the rustling wheat. The hedges are starred with blossoms and

hedges are starred with blossoms and powdered with dust, for the highways are the roads of many.

Half way down the steep hill is a little hostel, a road-side inn. It has a face of flowers, and is pleasant; it invites inspection; it suggrests refreshment, and it disguises the materialistic form of its refreshment with the glamour of roses and a rustic porch.

"Madame," I said, falteringly, "I can see nothing."

"Stupid." Look again—I tell you I have hurt my hand hadly. You cannot see will. Hold it to the light." I held it to the light." I have were seen to loudly. "Look again—I tell you I have were seen to loudly. "Look again—I tell you I have were hurt my hand hadly. You cannot see the look again—I held it to the light." I held it to the light. I held it to the light. I held it to the light." I held it to the light." I held it to the light." I held it to the light. The held it to

the glamour of roses and a rustic porch.

The day was hot, and I hesitated at the porch. The room inside looked cool; it had a stone floor and a latticed window, which was thrust open. Then I saw the flutter of a pink gown and a slivery laugh came to me. I had a married sister, and ster waiting for me at Pourville, and I was already late, but then, I argued, I always had a married sister, and she was generally waiting for me somewhere, for I am invariably late; and a pink gown in conjunction with so silvery laugh, was alluring. I went in. The sunlight outside was very bright, the half-light in the room was dim, and I stepped upon a dog—a pug dog, I afterward discovered—which resented my familiarity with his teeth. That destroyed the effect of my entrance. It produced a hurried exclamation and a half-laugh translated into a cough. The exclamation came from me. I apologized profusely to the lady who had been indeterminate as to laugh or cough. She was, I saw, divinely small, a cool, sweet, innocent face, with mischlet, however, lurking in the eyes; a figure slight, willowy; an air of command, and a dress inconceivable to an insular understanding—a mere dream of light frills, soft silks and color. able to an insular understanding—a mere dream of light frills, soft silks and

She drew herself up with some hau-teur to the full extent of her five feet four-inches, from which I deducted two inches in consequence of a glance at her shoes. In the labor of buttoning

her shoes. In the labor of buttoning a long glove, she spoke.

"Monsieur, I too must apologize. It was ill of Fid.. It is pardonable that in the heat of such a surprise a man should say—should say what you

should say — should say what you said."

"Yet to me it is grief." I protested.
"I," she went on, buttoning her glove, with her eyes fixed on me under the curtain of their long lasher. "I thought you were some one else."

I hate to be taken for anybody else, but myself—I like to keep the flattering hope that I am unique. I was piqued.
"Madame." I answered, "I am sorry

ing hope that I am unique.

plqued.

"Madame," I answered, "I am sorry
that I was not the other person."

She looked at me for quite a while,
which made me feel quite uncomfortable. At such moments I always have
a misgiving that my tie has wriggled.
Then she smiled. The smile began in
her eyes, spread to her lips, and finally
took refuge in her teeth. I smiled, too
—from sympathy partly, and partly to
show her that I bore her no ill will for
her mistake.

heathen, also.

The Teacher's Lantern.

(1) Religion not impracticable. Nothing in it inimical to true success. On the contrary, the best preparation for business, professional, political, social and domestic life. Instances: History, "I was expecting some one. We had uarreled," she made reply.
"He was to blame."
"I have not said that it was a

"He departed in anger."
"He departed in anger."
"A most Ill-tempered man."
"If I were in the wrong—"
"Which is a supposition very much strained."

should be miscrable, but as it is

"I haugh."

"And when you laugh the world stops at your window."

"Monsieur is pleased to regard himself in a very flattering light."

"And I, as the only tangible object of the world, entered."

"Ah!"

(7) Bad promises; the folly of making them, and what to do with them when once made.

(8) The desirability of a good conscience, which can transmute a lion's den into a safer and happier place than a royal palace.

National Expert Expertises.

ng.
"It is," she said, at length, " an unceremonious entrance."
"It is an unceremonious introduction," I corrected, "the entrance was
not unceremonious."

tion." I corrected, the entrance was not unceremonlous..."
"Unless to Fido." She laughed a little, and I began to find her laugh rather irritating—at times. "But the worst of it is there has been no in-

worst of it is there has been no introduction."

"Does that matter?" I asked. For
my part I was willing to forego such
trivialities.

"I do not know your name."

"Nor I yours, so that is a bond of
sympathy. Let us," I went on, in a
glow of inspiration. "imagine that we
have been introduced at a dance. One
never knows the names in such
cases."

"He was certainly to blame."

"Certainly, If a man willingly walks

"Certainly. If a man willingly walks out of Paradise he must be either a

out of Tales in fool of ""He will come back."
"In that case," I began, rising and taking up my hat from the chair.
"Really," she answered, "a man who willingly walks out of—"
"But I don't," I objected. I go with the greatest reluctance."
"It is very hot in the sun, monsieur."

mieur."
"Madamo; I greatly fear sunstroke.
It is a disease which has had remarkable fatality for my family."
I replaced my hat upon the chair, on

THEY ARE CONVINCING. | which I had previously seated myself. which I had previously placed my hat. That chair was nearer to madame by

"Have you noticed the roses at the window?"
"No." I answered. "They are there, no doubt-roses are often at windows-but I have eyes for you only."
"There is one-almost a bud. I covet it; I must have it."
She rose and passed swiffly to the window. Again I thought I saw the hat. I rose, followed her. I stood behind her as she raised her ungloved hand; a dainty, slender, white hand; a hand that any man might not tire of kissing easily. She caught the bud, broke its stem and gave a faint cry. "You have hurt yourself," I said, "A thorn," she answered hurriedly, "It has pricked me—it is still in, I fear."

fear."
I took her hand in mine. I have had
I took her hand in connection with lit-

I took her hand in mine. I have had some experience in connection with little hands, and did not look for any deep wound, yet I must confess to some considerable surprise when I found none at all, and even after minute search no visible impression upon the satin of her skin.

"Madame," I said, falteringly, "I can see nothing."

"Clotilde," said a voice over my head



of nervous diseases, such as Deblis, Dizziness, Insomuli, Varisoccile, etc. They enable you to think clearly by developing brain matter; force healthy circulation, cure indigestion, and impart bounding vigor to the whole system. All weakening and tissue-decroring drains and losses permanently entref. Delay made the property of the p

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tirely disappeared, and I have not

been so free from pain since I was

a boy. The paralysis also disappeared, and although two months have passed since I finished my

last box, there has been no recur

rence of the disease."-From the

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Minden.

Neb., said:

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